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DAVIES



GOLD STAR EDITION

— OF —

DAVIES POEMS

— BY —

Laura Victoria Davies

Copyright July, 1922

by

Laura Maria Victoria Davies

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The Passing of the G. A. R.

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Laura Maria Victoria Davies

by
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The Grand Army of the Republic is marching,
To the drum beat, as of old,
Their banners gaily flying,
O'er their colors of blue and gold.

They have had their days of valor,
And their victories brave and bold,
They have done—their Country's Service,
And had sorrow and woe untold.

True and loyal volunteers,
Who braved the cannon's mouth
And gave their bleeding foot-prints,
To win our Sacred South.

In hunger marched; with only corn,
Not even ground to meal,
And died in Libby Prison,
And on the battlefield.

Heroes in blue with hearts so true,
Our love has never faded,
In cause of right, and honor bright,
You ne'er will be defeated.

We'll miss your stories told so oft,
We'll miss your kindly faces,
We'll miss you as you used to look,
In patriotic places.

We oft' will recall to memory,
Your War Eagles Andy and Abe,
Or Lincoln and Grant and Jackson,
On many a grand parade.

How the little Monitor fought and won,
Or Sheridan rode, that day,
And old Barbara Frietchie her white head shook,
As the Rebels passed by on their way.

On Gettysburg or Georgie's march,
Your triumph won so glorious,
We oft' will recall and rehearse them all;
Your memories fondly cherished.

Oh, yes, we'll recall you,
Our wonderful brave!
Thank God for our country,
So valiantly saved!

And he who bends over us all today,
Who led you through peril and strife,
All the way reward you, as
Infinite Love knows how,
Grand Army of the Republic,
His guardsmen were't thou.





Colonel Roosevelt

The Red Bandanner Song

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What, what's the matter now?
What, what's the matter?
Colonel Roosevelt leads the fight,
That's what's the matter
Honesty and truth and right,
He'll defend with all his might
To keep our Country's honor bright,
That's what's the matter.

Chorus.

That's what's the matter now,
That's what's the matter,
He's a warrior for the right,
That's what's the matter.

Washington and Lincoln too,
That's what's the matter,
Loved the poor, the truth and right
That's what's the matter,
Our bandanners now we'll wave
For our Colonel good and brave,
He our Country's name will save
That's what's the matter.

He has had a noble test,
That's what's the matter,
And has proved himself the best
That's what's the matter.
Strong of heart and brain and brawn,
Born to save and lead us on,
We will with him march along,
That's what's the matter.

Train or boat or airship's flight,
That's what's the matter.
Our Rough Riders know no fright,
That's what's the matter,
No progressive can compare
When it comes to do and dare,
Strong and fearless, brave and fair,
That's what's the matter.

They're afraid of Teddy too
That's what's the matter
Trusts are trembling in their shoes,
That's what's the matter
With home affairs and foreign too
He's familiar through and through
He's the man felt in each home,
Storks and Teddy—bears are shown,
That's what's the matter.

The Spanish American War at Home and Over Seas

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The streets were thronged; with thousands:
Who had gathered to bid farewell,
To the young men, bound for Cuba;
Our war with Spain, to quell.

Hurrah, for Spain! Rang loud and clear!
From a foreigner, over the way.
No sooner uttered, the words he said,
Than an angry mob, yelled: "Shoot him dead!"

And I, surrounded, before I knew;
Stood there at his side, in the frenzy too,
The Policeman, to give the law its course;
Holding them back, with a mighty force.

Mothers and sweethearts, were weeping sore,
To part, with the loved, they might see, no more;
When ended, the Grand Parade,—just on;
And the boys, with their guns,—a train load,—moved on.

On For Cuba: To Flog Old Spain!
And Their Watchword Rang: "Remember the Maine"

Fired with patriotic zeal:
Colonel Roosevelt leading;
With bayonets of steel—the Rough Riders
Dashed for the battle field!

Hobson, young, and handsome too,
As every girl in the country knew;
Taking a desperate chance of life;
Is of fame immortal, in Spanish Strife.

Dewey sweeping the mines at sea;
None, for peril, or fright, cared he;
Our victory was won, in the quickest time,
Old Spain could get our papers to sign.

Six Hundred to one, or two, of these,
Is the record; they made with perfect ease;
And wise old Spain called out: "Enough!
Those Yanks are made of terrible stuff."

Cevera learned of American grit,
Of a botteling project, where he just fit;
Then failing to run, he chose to quit;
Than dive the Atlantic, from the Yank's boot tip.

So ended the Spanish-American War.
And Nations should know: both near and far;
Humanity must be treated right,
Or our Uncle Sam: will stride into the fight.

Into the fight, with might and main:
Our Uncle Sam, is always game:
He believes in having things, go right:
The earth, the sea, and the orbs of night.

Or shoulder his gun, and stalking out—
Will learn of the culprit's whereabouts,
And put them to rout, both lean and stout,
Till they know our Relation, and what they're about.

—Written May 28th, 1919.



The Spanish American War

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Home and Over Seas

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